

Tuesday by Pondermoniums

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Summary:

Billy checked his face in the mirror, and adjusted the edge of his gloss with his finger. Tonight was going to be festive, so he let himself feel festive.

He had honed his craft over the last three years, so not only does he know what he's doing, he also brings in a lot of money. The regulars go nuts when they see him, and word spreads fast. Even if Billy were only here on a Tuesday, the rest of his fellow dancers are set for the week because people show up hoping to see him.

Today is Tuesday. And...a guy is sitting alone at a table, scrolling on his phone.

Tuesday

Author's Note:

- For [Gravegroves](#).

This was massively inspired by GraveGroves' incredible artwork! If you haven't already seen it, [please check it out here](#) ~

I also read [this ask](#), and I'm sure it embedded into my brain for this fic to happen, so ~ credit to that Anonymous person on Tumblr and Graves being kind enough to respond to it lol

A strip club. A freaking strip club.

Steve joined his colleagues for drinks out of a mindset from doing athletics in school. Like, team building, or whatever. Now he glared up at the neon pink and purple sign before saying to their designated driver, “Really? This is your idea of fun on a Tuesday?”

“Don’t be a wet blanket, baby Harrington. This place is supposed to be the best in town.”

As they push him by the shoulders inside, Steve already has his phone in hand to arrange an Uber out of here. Maybe draft a text to Robin while he waited, to humbly beg and bargain for her to write his two weeks’ notice.

She’d been right. He really shouldn’t have taken this job.

When his dad finally threw him a bone and deemed him worthy enough to work at his fancy, sky scraper company, Steve had taken it. He wanted the insurance to finally visit the dentist after a long, overdue year, and hell—even Steve could file things in alphabetical order and type two hundred words a minute.

But he was freshly flossed, no cavities to speak of, and ready to drop-kick at least three of the colleagues he stumbled into...

Because they had stopped at the bar to stare at the stages around them, like high school freshman seeing the girls' locker room for the first time. Steve sighed without looking and met the bartender's gaze. "Hi, do you have *Modelo*?"

"Only *Especial*, not the *Negra*."

"That's fine. One, please."

One of the others ordered a mojito pitcher, but as the barkeep fistfisted a handful of mint leaves, one of the guys shoved his shoulder. "Dude. This is a gay bar."

"What? No it isn't. Look around."

"We *are*. Look, yourself."

Steve couldn't help but join the others in finally scanning the large room and its two stages. On one danced a curvaceous woman with one breast already out. On the other, an oiled man slid down the pole.

Steve felt the corners of his mouth tilt up, just a little. Something an awful lot like *relief* washed through him—

A hand clapped his shoulder, hard. Whatever smile he had flinched into a grimace at the others backpedaling out of the bar.

You know what, fuck team building.

But then Steve was left alone to face the bartender. A very pissed off bartender who had just finished pummeling the leaves of the most detested drink amongst all barkeeps. Her lined eyes rolled toward the door. "They're not coming back."

Steve hoped his grimace conveyed the apology he now felt. "No, they're not. Don't pour the alcohol, but I'll still pay for it."

"You sure will," she ordered, but on a more skeptical note added, "You know there are at least five drinks in a pitcher, right?"

He sighed as he opened his wallet. He yanked the shiny, blue,

company card out of it. “Yes, I do. Here.”

He chose to look on the bright side: what a treat it will be to snatch on his colleagues after Mr. Harrington sees the location of the bill.

For now, though, he apologized to the bartender, did the quick math for the tip, and pocketed his wallet as his eyes fell on the open beer bottle.

Well. He might as well stay.

* * *

Billy checked his face in the mirror, and adjusted the edge of his gloss with his finger. Normally he liked to just go onstage and then leave, but every now and then he fancied walking a lap around the floor first. He’d been told a bisexual bridal part was already a pitcher of tequila sunrises deep, and the Drag Queens four blocks down had a reserved booth to pre-game before their show at 2a.m.

Tonight was going to be festive, so he let himself feel festive.

He had honed his craft over the last three years, so not only does he know what he’s doing, he also brings in a lot of money—from all patrons and patronesses. He can put on one show a night and be set for the month. Or walk the floor, sweet talk the ladies and sass with the Queens. Give the closeted men something nice to look at.

Once he realized that distance makes the wallet looser, he used it to his advantage. The regulars go nuts when they see him, and word spreads fast. Even if Billy were only here on a Tuesday, the rest of his fellow dancers are set for the week because people show up hoping to see him.

Today is Tuesday. And...a guy is sitting alone at a table, scrolling on his phone.

Billy finds him immediately, the glowing face bright in the dim space. In a room of soft pink, neon purples, and yellow stage or bar lights, that blue lighting from his phone stood out.

Billy strolled behind the bar and tipped his chin in the man’s

direction when he nudged the barkeep. "Somebody leave him at the altar?"

She snorted and told him the whole story. Nobody here was a stranger to scared little bigots getting the shock of their lives and hauling ass out of here. However...Billy found himself watching the young guy they'd left behind. He drank his beer, watched one of the stages for a few seconds, and then looked back down at his phone before doing it all again. He watched *both* stages. But...there was something very... 'lost guy waiting for his ride' about him.

"The black sheep seems comfortable here."

"He paid and tipped," she agreed distractedly over a mai tai.

He was also sitting *away* from the stages. In one of the booths reserved for lap dances. Billy sauntered over in his black, mesh sweatshirt over lace lingerie and black, sheer stockings. The guy heard the close sound of heels and looked up. Something in Billy's core rolled over, like an otter warmed by the sun, in the rays of the man's reaction. Deer in the headlights eyes, loose jaw, and a chest that visibly sank and refilled with his breath.

"I would ask if you're lost, but you seem to have settled right in."

It took him an extra second to recover, and then he smiled while shaking his head. "I'm just finishing this and then I'll be out of your hair."

Billy's lips pressed into a smirk as he ran his hand over his nape, lifting his perfectly long and loose, tousled curls up so he could easily toss his head for them to flop over the side of his head. Dark eyes followed the movement of that wave of blond hair. Billy knew what he looked like. He knew how his sandy blond locks held onto the violet light in its shadows and glowed, even shimmered, with the pinks.

"Nobody's in my hair, sweetheart. But I'll let you come close."

He pushed his knee against the man's leg. His silk stocking slid easily inside the starched, trouser thigh; such a contrast in sheer comfort

alongside corporate material. The fabrics crackled together as Billy rocked his thigh back and forth...

Steve blinked, his stomach swooping low as he realized, "I-I didn't pay for this. Sorry, you might have the wrong booth—"

"I don't have the wrong booth."

Steve sat pinned in place as sculpted arms lifted the mesh top over his head. He swallowed thickly, seeing muscles glow behind his eyelids every time he blinked. The dancer draped his top across Steve's shoulders. "Word spreads fast in here. You're not so bad, so this one's on me."

Billy could see the guy absorb that until he let himself collapse back into the booth. He huffed a breathy laugh. "Okay. I've never turned down a chance to be spoiled."

Billy grinned and ran the back of a finger along the man's jawline. He had moles on his cheek. And his neck, tucked away in the shadow of his throat. "I'll spoil you rotten, pretty boy."

Steve was glad he'd already removed his jacket and tie. That pantyhosed knee moved to the outside of his leg to ease the folded jacket out of the way—

Stocking, he realized when he looked down. The air caught in his lungs at the lace trim digging sumptuously into the meat of those thighs—*Christ, are you hungry or horny, Steve. Rein it in.*

He obligingly closed his knees for the dancer to more easily sit astride him. Steve tried not to curse his slacks too much. No matter how much they restricted him from properly feeling that ass on his thighs.

"Am I too heavy?" the dancer asked coyly. Like he fully intended to press Steve down into the booth.

"No. I don't mind." Steve really wished he had a wittier brain. But with all of this man in Steve's lap, his neurons were not firing. More like lounging in an overheating jacuzzi. He couldn't even pay attention to what the dancer was doing. His eyes roamed over the

soft, muscular curves of those shoulders, how they flowed into a beautiful neck. He swallowed dryly as he let the straps of black lingerie guide him down...

“Is that *Bordelle*?”

Billy paused, but only for a millisecond. “You know your lingerie.”

The guy smiled—freaking smiled like he was about to get a sparkly gold star stuck to his forehead—and bashfully replied, “It was just a guess.”

An expensive guess. It got Billy wondering what this guy looked at in his spare time to know his bralette on sight. It got Billy...excited in a way his clients normally couldn't achieve. Fleeting, he realized, *Am I about to girl-talk over underwear?*

Yes, yes, he was. But he could still be in control of rocking this guy's world enough to make sure he brought his expensive ass back in here.

“An interesting guess,” he purred while rolling his hips suggestively, lifting his body up so he could toss his hair again and saturate this client's nose with the androgynous scent he sprayed before walking the floor. “*Bordelle* makes BDSM-inspired lingerie just as easily as it makes my lacey hammock.”

Billy controlled his body when the guy startled him by laughing, “*Hammock*—Sorry, sorry.”

Billy tipped his chin up, experiencing that hot and gooey wave of satisfaction again when his client's gaze locked onto his face, and those lashes hung low over enchanted eyes. *That's right, look at me.*

A greedy hypocrite, Billy soothed, “You can laugh. I like *Coco de Mer*, too.” He watched that adam's apple swoop with a swallow and couldn't help the smile that blushed his face. “Just because I look ready to bend you over my knee, doesn't mean I don't enjoy wearing delicate things.”

God, this guy looked like he'd just fallen in love. Hook, line, and sinker. Billy watched the lust blink out of his eyes to be replaced with

that vacancy that meant Billy had moved right in.

He gyrated over Steve's legs again and leaned in close to say above his ear without touching him, "Or a *Fleur du Mal* bodysuit."

Keeping one knee pressed into the booth seat, Billy stood on one leg, which he returned in between his client's legs—

"But that means...you don't normally do this."

Billy tilted his head. "What do you mean?"

Steve licked his lips. "I can't see these people respecting beautiful things. The way they should be respected."

It was Billy's turn to laugh. "Lingerie is meant to come off, pretty boy."

Warm palms found the front of his thighs—the first time he'd touched Billy. Clients were not actually supposed to touch the dancers unless they were tucking money under elastic thongs. Billy could make an exception, but not just because he'd found a likeminded client. Billy wasn't going to be that easy.

He pressed a finger under his client's chin before he could speak again. "But I do make them wait for it."

He shoved his hand through that thick forest of hair—a self-indulgence, Billy had to admit—anchoring himself as he lowered his other foot to the floor. He gripped his mesh top, and let it slide along the length of his client's shoulders as he walked away.

Thing is, Billy fully intended to come back.

How could he not? When he peeked over his shoulder to see the man watching him go like a puppy staring wide-eyed and slack-jawed behind him? Billy returned to his dressing room to gulp down a glass of water, check his make-up, and donned his top again. When he stepped back out onto the floor, he couldn't help himself. He looked into the darker side of the room at the booths—

But his client was gone.

Billy's lips parted and his head swiveled around, scanning every seat in the place. *Am I off my game, tonight?* he wondered, but no. Definitely not. The guy was into it. He tried to turn Billy away at first, meaning the idiot was more honest than his own good, but then he'd openly accepted Billy's advances.

He'd talked to Billy. Clients never *talk* to him. Except to gracelessly ask for his services later into the night. Some dancers did that. Billy didn't judge. He'd done it a little in his earlier career, out of naivety and then out of bill payments. But he didn't do that anymore.

Billy strode behind the bar, finding the same barkeep popping a green apple hard candy into her mouth. He towered over her in his heels. Speaking of taking clothes off, he needed to do his damn show so he could walk out of here in slippers.

"Hey, did the black sheep go to the bathroom?"

She shook her head and moved the candy aside so it bulged under her cheek. "He left, but he *did* ask me to save this for you."

She took out a folded paper from the hiding spot in the wine fridge. Dancers kept a baggie of ibuprofen in there, and barkeeps skewered anybody who dipped into their weed stash. Billy took the cold paper and unwrapped a—a pair of fifty dollar bills. In large, jagged, but easy to read scrawl, Billy read:

Sorry I misread things. You're beautiful. I hope you have a great night.

"Aw," the bartender cooed behind him, reading over his arm before she gave him a piteous tilt of her head. "That poor guy's never been teased in his life. Am I getting a cut of that for saving it for you?"

Billy scoffed and went to the cash register to break the bills into smaller amounts. Then...he locked onto the glass *Modelo* she lifted out of the sink. Bar protocol dictated for bottles and cans to be rinsed before recycling. Too many raccoons had torn through their dumpsters and were found passed out drunk. Sometimes the sink filled up until they had a dry spell in between customers, but *Modelo* bottles were unique, and there was only one in the sink.

Billy sifted through the stack of receipts on the nail in the countertop. He found the lone Modelo and Mojito purchase easily enough. He tore it off the nail—

“Excuse you. If you’re trying to get his number, just write his name down. I still need that receipt—Stop smiling like that. It’s creepy.”

He threw a mock-offended look at her. “Me smiling is creepy?”

“Strippers are never happy, Billy boy. It goes against our branding.”

He laughed and flapped the receipt against the palm of his other hand. “Well you’re just going to have to deal with it.”

She snorted, “Why? What chance do you have in finding a guy from his credit card? No one uses the Yellow Pages anymore.”

“No,” Billy agreed as he read the ghoulish signature pressed onto the bar’s yellow copy when he had signed the sheet overlaying it. Even without the signature, their computer printed out the name on the card:

Steve Harrington.

Harrington Architecture & Design, Llc.

“But what a conveniently well-known name. Maybe I’ll swing by his daddy’s work tomorrow.”

She frowned while poising a hand on her hip. “That poor soul got left by his dipshit coworkers, gave you an enormous tip, and you’re going to swing by to get him fired?”

Billy only teasingly shook his head while he wrote down the details on Steve’s note so he could return the receipt to its peg. He shoved a ten into her tip vase. “He’s not being fired unless the others go down with him. Besides, how often do clients get to see me fully clothed?”

She couldn’t help but laugh as he sauntered behind her. “Jeez, you really like this one.”

He gripped the end of the bar to swing his body around to look at

her. “What can I say? I keep pretty things for myself.”

Author's Note:

I SPEED wrote this because I have other writing projects to do, but I hope you enjoyed it! Please follow GraveGroves if you can. Their tumblr (linked above the fic) is a goldmine.

OH, and the lingerie brands are real things~~~~if anyone wants a cheeky peek at those haha

I have a tumblr blog just for Harringrove things, but I post updates to both! So if you're already following my main blog for notifications, you can stay put :)

[My harringrove Tumblr~](#)

[My main Tumblr~](#)